SAWDUST

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Happy New Year!

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

Wallpaper

Thank you folks, SAWDUST is one year old this month . . . Compliments to little Carol Ann Wiley in memorizing letter-perfect the two-page poem in our Christmas issue . . . Thanks to our numerous suppliers for their lavish Christmas remembrances. However, the two that really warmed the cockles of our hearts were from customers: Stearns, Roger Mfg. Co. and The American Potash & Chemical Corp. When a customer gives you a present, that is something! . . . Our yard wit says he knew a girl who had halitosis so bad that the boys pushed her over on Hallowe'en . . . Overheard at a recent party at the G. W. Dow residence: "Shall we have some more music, or will you sing, Louise?" . . . Materials are being delivered for the construction of two new dwellings for Mr. Rupert Borden at Bishop. Jack Strunk is supervising . . . Charlie Sumner has started work on a new nine-room dwelling in Lone Pine for Mr. C. E. Cord . . . A girl doesn't have to watch the speedometer to know what her boy friend is driving at . . . With the coming of warm weather, we wonder why Noah didn't swat those two flies? . . . If you need a nice large drill press for your machine shop we have a used one on hand . . . Bucking the north wind at midnight not long ago with the temperature shivering at 8 above, our thoughts of a warm bed were a bit disturbed as Fred Masters drifted by with his cheery "goodnight" also going to bed, but in his parked car . . . One of life's little tragedies was Rudie II anticipating two weeks Christmas vacation exercising his horse, and then coming down with chicken-pox the Friday afternoon prior to the start of vacation . . . While we're about it, a debutante is like an expensive gown, tight in the best places . . . And she usually has been on more laps than a napkin . . . During all of 1941 we take pride in neither buying or selling with the use of priority . . . You swains lacking a car to take the girl friend out for a ride should have little trouble borrowing Roy Joseph's . . . After all, maybe it would be better to borrow a bicycle . . . Why not consolidate all of this tax program into a Federal Sales Tax? Think of the man power it would release . . . Also, regardless of the bellering, we can't understand why the State Unemployment Tax shouldn't be consolidated with the Social Security program under Federal supervision . . . Slogan for automotive battery dealers: "Don't get caught with your battery down." . . . Orchids to George Savage in his election as second vice-president of the California Newspaper Publishers' Assn. . . . Since we call them Japs, why not designate the other gang as Germs? . . . Speaking of the Japs, they have never lost a war. Too bad, too bad, to shatter such a polished record . . . We take pride in the honesty of everyone in Lone Pine, but it seems that Sprouse-Reitz is stretching the point a little by leaving their penny-scales out all night . . . Bob Crosby of Bishop was recently bragging to Mrs. Dow in our office that she would see some fine drilling by the State Guard when we got a break in the weather, to which she quietly mused: "Oh, warm weather soldiers." . . . Poverty has its compensations. The car key is never in your other pants . . . And in conclusion: She may have been a Camp Fire Girl but that doesn't explain the light in her eye.

The Right Job—

There is a law of life that works out with mathematical precision. It is that you get as much from work, from life, and from yourself as you expend in effort and talent. Some believe that happiness in work depends on finding the right job, but there is no right job unless you make it right. You cannot always choose your job, but you can develop the right attitude towards any task to which you may be assigned. If you approach your work with indifference, reluctance, self-pity, or resentment, you will get out of it boredom, irritation, discouragement, and disappointment. Approach it with eagerness and interest, and you will get pride and pleasure in return.

In a way, you are two persons . . . what you are and what you think yourself to be. If you expect yourself to be great and good, you will profit, but if you look on yourself as a failure, you are likely to be a flop.

—Lena Hakes.

—SD—

Consider This—

It is just as immoral to sell goods without a profit as it is immoral to sell goods at too great a profit. Don't profiteer on either the public or your competitor. It is wrong and ruinous.

The worst fear in business is the fear of your competitor, and the only reason you despise him is that you do not know him. Your competitor can become the silent partner in your business if you let him set a price for your goods.

I don't believe any man has a right in business unless he receives money in proportion to his time and talent.

No industry can afford to have men in it who are not making money.

—H. C. Spillman.

Bouquets—

"We certainly do enjoy your paper even if I do have to hide the jokes under the cushions when the minister comes to tea."—Mrs. ————, Chicago, Illinois.

"SAWDUST—Dec., 1941—Page 5—Line 7—Yes! "harrass" is one of the nuisance words mispronounced 90% of the time—but our SAWDUST, to misspell it!—Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!!!

"Please forgive my editorial presumption! I like SAWDUST very much, sans sucre, sans creme, sans everything. Thirty!"—Mrs. R. H. C., Mono Lake, California.

". . . From the endorsement received by all readers in my family you are asked to be sure and place us on the mailing list for future issues."—Bruce B. Smith, Special Agent, Aetna Insurance Co.

—SD—

Sorry—

Keep your temper, gentle sir,
Writes the stenographer;
Though your fittings are overdue,
For a month or maybe two.

We can't help it, please don't swear,
Labor's scarce and metal's rare,
Can't get metal or supplies,
These are facts, we tell no lies.

Johnny's drafted, so is Bill,
All our work is now uphill;
So your order, we're afraid,
May be quite a bit delayed.

Still you'll get it, don't be vexed,
Maybe this month, maybe next.
Keep on hoping, don't say die,
We'll fill your order bye and bye.

Behind the Bandsaw—

"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who aren't going."

—SD—

When the baby ear of corn asked the mama ear where she came from, mama replied, "Hush, dear, the stalk brought you."

—SD—

An undertaker, handling his first funeral, introduced a cheering note when he said to the mourners, "Now we will pass around the bier."

—SD—

A restaurant nightmare: The woman who loudly insists she got coffee when she ordered Postum.

—SD—

"Now General . . . just ONE more little old military secret."

—SD—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never has turned his head and said,
"H-m-m-m-m, not bad?"

—SD—

Hostess (to gentleman guest): "I shouldn't be offering you wine, should I? You are the head of the Temperance League."

He: "Oh, no. I am the head of the Vice League."

She: "Well, I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

—SD—

Overheard in the ladies lounge . . . "then I said, 'What kind of a girl do you think I am?' . . . and he told me!"

—SD—

Said the girdle to the hat, "You go on ahead, I'll bring up the rear."

—SD—

A man went to a costume party. Another said to him: "Pardon me, but you're 'Titus Andronicus' are you not?"

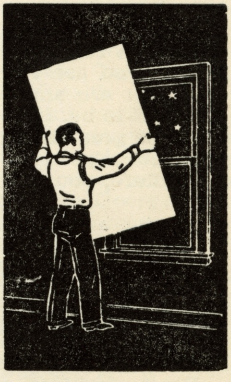
"What, me?" said the man in the toga. "I haven't even found out where the bar is yet."

—SD—

"They say swimming is the best thing to develop poise and grace."

"Yeh, didja ever get a close look at a duck?"

Blackout!



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